

He lispes in's neighing able to entice

A Millars Mare,

Hee'l be the death of her.

Doctor. What stufte she utters?

Taylor. Make curtsie, here your love comes.

Woer. Pretty soule

How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtsie.

Daugh. Yours to command ich way of honestie;

How far is't now to th end o'th world my Masters?

Doctor. Why a daies Iorney wench.

Daugh. Will you goe with me?

Woer. What shall we doe there wench?

Daugh. Why play at stoole ball,
What is there else to doe?

Woer. I am content

If we shall keepe our wedding there.

Daugh. Tis true

For there I will assure you, we shall finde
Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice, and foolish;
Besides my father must be hang'd to morrow
And that would be a blot i'th businesse

Are not you *Palamon*?

Woer. Doe not you know me?

Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this pore petticoate, and too corse Smockes.

Woer. That's all one, I will have you.

Daugh. Will you surely?

Woer. Yes by this faire hand will I.

Daugh. Wee'l to bed then.

Woer. Ev'n when you will.

Daugh. O Sir, you would faine be nibling.

Woer. Why doe you rub my kisse off?

Daugh. Tis a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely against the wedding.

Is not this your Cosen *Arcite*?

Doctor. Yes sweet heart,

And I am glad my Cosen *Palamon*

Has made so faire a choice.

Daugh. Doe you thinke hee'l have me?

Doctor. Yes without doubt.

Daugh. Doe you thinke so too?

Taylor. Yes.

Daugh. We shall have many children: Lord, how y'ar
(growne,
My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely
Now he's at liberty: Alas poore Chicken
He was kept downe with hard meate, and ill lodging
But ile kisse him up againe.

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. What doe you here, you'l loose the noblest fight
That ev'r was seene.

Taylor. Are they i'th Field?

Mess. They are

You beare a charge there too.

Taylor. Ile away straight
I must ev'n leave you here.

Doctor. Nay wee'l goe with you,
I will not loose the Fight.

Taylor. How did you like her?

Doctor. Ile warrant you within these 3. or 4 daies
Ile make her right againe. You must not from her
But still preserve her in this way.

Woer. I will.

Doc. Lets get her in.

Woer. Come sweete wee'l goe to dinner
And then wee'll play at Cardes.

Daugh. And shall we kisse too?

Woer. A hundred times

Daugh. And twenty.

Woer. I and twenty.

Daugh. And then wee'l sleepe together.

Doc. Take her offer.

Woer. Yes marry will we.

Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.

Woer. I will not sweete.

Daugh. If you doe (Love) ile cry.

Floris Exeunt.

Scena.

Has